

so like, don't die by innersanctuaries

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"I can't fucking believe you let yourself get hit, I mean, how the fuck do you fix a brain? I'm not a brain surgeon, Richie, what if you die from a concussion? Or, or, or what if your brain got shaken around so bad that it detached from your spinal cord?"

a.k.a two times Eddie saved Richie and one time Richie saved Eddie

so like, don't die

Author's Note:

This was just something that flew out of my brain for no reason while working on a longer fic, so enjoy!

Song inspo is Neon Crimson by The Paper Kites

I.

“I can’t fucking believe you let yourself get hit, I mean, how the fuck do you fix a brain? I’m not a brain surgeon, Richie, what if you *die* from a concussion? Or, or, or what if your brain got shaken around so bad that it detached from your spinal cord? You could-”

“Yeah, I could die. Thanks a lot, doc, but I think I’ll be okay,” Richie tried standing up, only to be immediately shoved back down by a very frustrated and distraught Eddie.

“Your head is bleeding, fucking dumbass,” Unzipping one of his fanny packs, Eddie rooted around inside of it for supplies to patch him up. “You literally just got hit in the head with a rock, don’t try to get up for a while.”

The rock war had been brutal, but Richie was the only one that had really gotten hit. Sure, he’d lost a few brain cells, but aside from that he felt fine. But as soon as they’d gotten to safety and made sure everyone was okay, Eddie made a beeline for him and sat his ass down, insisting he needed immediate medical attention.

“There. Now, let me look at your eyes to make sure you’re not concussed.”

“That sounds pretty gay to me.”

“It’s g- what? How the fuck is checking for a concussion gay, fuckhead?”

“You gotta *stare* into each other’s eyes,” Richie drawled, batting his eyes like an idiot. “That’s kinda gay, right?”

“No! It’s really not, you’re just an idiot. One that’s probably concussed, so let me look into your fucking eyes,” Eddie snapped, grabbing his face and turning it to stare right at him.

Richie knew his face was going bright red, but how could he not blush? Eddie was right there, staring right into his soul with those big brown doe eyes, gaze intense and full of concern. His heart fluttered, doing a little dance and wishing he could lean in just a few more inches and press their lips together.

Shaking his head to clear those thoughts, Richie kicked himself. What the fuck was he thinking? This was his best friend he was talking about. That was gay and if there was anything in this world that he wasn’t, it was gay. He would rather die than be gay, and he knew that as a fact.

“What the hell are you doing? Are you having a seizure? Holy shit,

you're having a seizure someone help me please he's having a seizure!"

"I'm not having a seizure, I'm shaking my head! Jesus christ, not everything is a medical issue. I'm not concussed, my cut is bandaged up, and I'm fucking fine. Now, can we go yet? I want to go to the arcade and train some more Street Fighter."

"I just don't want you to die," Eddie said weakly.

"I'm not gonna die, dumbass. No way you can get rid of me!" Richie laughed, slinging his arm around Eddie's shoulder. They bickered all the way to the arcade, all while Richie biked circles around Eddie, who yelled at him to keep his eyes on the road.

II.

"I don't understand how the fuck you're alive, Richie."

"I'm fine! 'Tis but a flesh wound."

"You fell two stories into a thornbush, idiot," Eddie said, voice still sleepy. "I can't believe I'm nursing you back to health at three in the morning. Why can't you just use the door like a normal person?"

"Doors are- ow! Boring," Richie winced as Eddie plucked another

thorn out of his arm, dabbing at it with alcohol. “Plus, it’s not my dorm so they won’t let me in. This is homophobia, Eds.”

“It is not, and don’t call me that!”

“Sounds like a plan, Eddie Spaghetti.”

“It is way too early for your shit, Rich. Why are you even here this early?”

In truth, Richie was a tiny bit drunk. He’d come all this way with the amazing plan of confessing his undying love to his best friend, but had forgotten for just a second that it had rained the night before and the drain pipe was slippery. Blame it on the alcohol.

“I just wanted to see you.”

Eddie shot him a weird look, one that Richie couldn’t decipher when even he was pretty sure he was concussed. Hell, he was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to read it even when his brain was completely fine, and he was more than a bit smarter than he looked.

“Come here, I need to make sure you’re not concussed.”

“I think I might be, my head hurts like a bitch and stuff is kinda spinny.”

“Spinny?” Eddie asked, alarmed. “We need to take you to the student health office.”

“Nah, I’m fine. I don’t want them to check me for alcohol or some shit, just check my eyes and I’ll head home.”

“Fuck no, you’re staying here with me tonight. I need to make sure you’re okay.”

Just like when they were kids, Eddie grabbed his face, though it was gentler this time. Looking right into his eyes, Eddie’s concern was obvious, though there was something else in those eyes of his. Before he could figure it out, Eddie had let go and was frowning at him.

“Yep. Concussed. Jesus christ, Richie.”

“What did I even do?”

“You fucking fell out of a second story window, that’s what! You’re so fucking lucky you didn’t land on the cement.”

“Why?” Staring at him blankly, Eddie flicked him on the forehead. Wincing, he looked up apologetically. “Sorry. Dumb question.”

“I just don’t want you to die, Rich. That was stupid.”

“It was, and I swear I won’t do it again. You can’t get rid of me, I swear it.”

“Fine. Now get your ass upstairs, it’s cold.”

III.

“Get out of the fucking way!”

Richie grabbed Eddie and rolled out of the way, already having seen the way this scene ends if he doesn’t do something about it. The clown’s fucking claw slams down where he and Eddie had been mere seconds ago, drawing a yelp from both him and Eddie.

“Up, up, up! Run!” Richie screamed, pulling Eddie up off the ground. “Go, run!”

Eddie had always been the fastest of all the Losers, but he made sure that Richie was right next to him at all times. Even when he’d been the one to nearly die, he was still making sure that Richie was okay. His brain was going a million miles a second, but nearly shorted out when he remembered that-

“Did you fucking kiss me to get me out of the Deadlights?” Richie yelled over all the noise.

“Is this really the time to be discussing this?!”

“Did you?”

“Well, it worked for Ben, I figured it’d work for you too!”

“Oh.”

“That, and I’ve been in love with you since I was nine.”

They finally made it to the rest of the Losers, leaving him shocked and silent. Eddie didn’t give him time to react, immediately going and discussing exactly how the hell they were going to kill the clown. It was like he hadn’t just dropped the biggest bombshell known to mankind.

It wasn’t as difficult as they thought it would be, killing the clown. Especially not with Eddie there. Spitting curses and insults, he was probably the one that did the most damage of them all. The rest of them tried their best to be coherent, but Eddie simply let out a string of uninterrupted screams, only some of which sounded anything like the english language.

They gave Eddie the honor of crushing the heart. Richie reached for it when he thought Eddie had dropped it, but was sent reeling back when the smaller man jumped up and down on it like an angry cartoon character.

"This is for Stan, you ugly baboon-assed *bastard!*" Eddie roared, stamping the heart into the ground and relishing the clown's final anguished scream.

"I think he might be dead now, Eds," Richie said. Right as the last word came out of his mouth, the entire cave began to shake and rumble. "Ah shit, was it something I said?"

To put it quite simply, they ran. All the Losers got their shit and left at the speed of light, making sure none of them were left behind. Nobody would be staying in this fucking house, not like in his vision. Eddie would live to bitch him out another day.

When they ended up at the quarry, it was with Eddie. Richie couldn't quite believe the fact that he was alive, that he hadn't been left in Neibolt alone. They all went swimming, and you know what? This time, he didn't lose his glasses. He swam with them, cleaned the dirt from his body and thanked whatever god was up there that there was no blood for him to wash off.

He and Eddie were the first two to get out, claiming that it was cold, but Richie really just wanted a chance to talk to him. After all, Eddie had kinda just confessed his undying love for him and then left to kill a homicidal clown.

"Are you okay?"

"Aside from the lifelong traumas that this fucking clown has given

me?” Eddie asked, only half joking. “Yeah, I’m doing pretty alright.”

“Hey, quick question.”

“Shoot,” Eddie said, a note of nervousness in his voice.

“Did you mean it?”

“Yep. Been in love with you since forever.”

Leaning in, Richie grabbed Eddie’s face in his hands and stared right into his eyes. Anxiety, fear, and love were all mixing together into some confusing concoction, so Richie simply kissed it away. He closed that gap the same way he’d wanted to do so many years ago, pressing his lips to Eddie’s in a chaste kiss.

“Cool. Because, like, same,” Richie breathed. “I’m in love with you, Eddie Spaghetti. Pretty sure I always will be, too.”

“Thanks for saving my life, by the way.”

“Of fucking course, dumbass. I don’t want you to die.” He said, repeating the words Eddie had said to him so many times before.

“Hey, that’s my line!”

Author's Note:

I hope you guys enjoyed it! Please comment feedback, it helps keep me motivated and helps me know what you guys do and don't like!

Follow me on instagram at archangelica_angelica or on tumblr at eddiesdeaddie if you want to get in touch or just to watch me shitpost!